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# IN FLAMES







BJÖRN GELÖTTE – DRUMS, PERCUSSION, LEAD AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR  
GLENN LJUNGSTRÖM – RHYTHM GUITAR · JOHAN LARSSON – BASS GUITAR  
JESPER STRÖMBLAD – LEAD AND ACOUSTIC GUITAR, KEYBOARDS, PERCUSSION  
ANDERS FRIDÉN – VOCALS, PERCUSSION

### Jotun - Live

Taken from Live AT Sticky Fingers / Used & Abused In Live We Trust

### Food For The Gods - Live

Taken from Live AT Sticky Fingers / Used & Abused In Live We Trust

Anders Fridén - Vocals, percussion

Jesper Strömblad - Lead and acoustic guitar, keyboards, percussion

Glenn Ljungström - Rhythm guitar

Johan Larsson - Bass guitar

Björn Gelotte - Drums, percussion, lead and acoustic guitar

Recorded and produced at Studio Fredman Spring 1997 by Fredrik Nordström  
with assistance from In Flames

Engineered by Anders Fridén and Fredrik Nordström

Mixed by Fredrik Nordström and Anders Fridén

Mastered by Göran Finnberg and Fredrik Nordström at the Mastering Room, Gbg.

Additional mastering by Dragan at Bohus Mastering

Female vocals on "Whoracle" by Ulrika Netterdahl

Cover artwork by Andreas Marschall

Band photos by Kenneth Johansson useng Hasselblad equipment

All music composed and arranged, all lyrics by In Flames

except "Everything Counts" by Martin Lee Gore

All songs are published by Prophecies Publishing, Hamburg Ger.  
except "Everything Counts" published by Grabbing Hands Music Ltd.  
sub-published by EMI Music Ger.

[www.inflames.com](http://www.inflames.com)



## Jotun

I often dream of huge numb buildings  
jet-black sinister architecture  
being installed when nobody sees  
Their appearance so sudden  
that few would take notice

And when I wake up  
I imagine being crushed by one  
imagining its weight its silence  
and the absence of excuses  
for a havoced life  
and the privilege of a 22-kilometre  
tombstone

Jotun

A body of black  
that carried no reflection  
defying its own room  
un-earthly eggs of decreation

There would be colonies  
mushroom-scattered forever out of context  
rising spores from a dying world  
to pollute to chase away what's left

Sun-white pulverised desert stone  
and serpentine lizard mouths  
Pales away the pyramids  
rewriting 4500 years of history  
raping the statue of liberty  
outplays the acropolis  
inverting the fjords  
invades the n y skyline to  
dream its own existence in one single final  
word

Jotun

Can we identify them  
as the flint buried in our reptile skulls  
or the time-bomb coded in our dna

## Food For The Gods

Shame marries the guilt  
introduces itself to the  
concept of total loneliness  
Sensations repressed  
make friends with  
Suicidia, and  
and here the leeches begin to  
suck away the lust for life

Thus

Escape takes lead  
into a world unknown uncontrolled by all  
where borders are erased and potential  
infinite

Chosen cells, glands and transmitters  
blast the body with joy  
Astral feet running  
up to dimensions covered with gold  
stairs of glowing electroplasma  
safir onyx and buzzing vibrations  
A dead men's banquet  
food for the gods

There's only 1 real world  
our earth is but a shadow  
Created from a child's heart, a living jewel  
from now on abode for a soul in its setting

Now

Cutting the bloodline  
re-tie the bleeding roots  
to heavenly ship of glass  
and let it drift in passive arrogance  
in a one-word dialogue with the stars

## Gyroscope

Geology is digging through my brain  
a manta engulfing the world  
to throw it up once again  
to a guild of lifted daggers

Neo-wolf, but older again  
than the Lupus itself  
linked its fur to the gyroscope of time  
a collection of failures

A diabolical sequence of stabs  
written in cunning stones  
from the fossilised den of thieves  
our lives die

I see the nursing all-mother  
spitting out a trail of termites  
in the mouth of her first-born hope  
breasts ripe with smog-filled rebellion  
Apathy dressed in violence

white insectoid legs  
curse her lips and the mouth  
receptive only to pain

## Dialogue With The Stars

## The Hive

April night-tyme  
And we run like mussels through the  
stagnant nodes of man  
Blood-bridges lean towards the gaping  
synapses  
to disarm the stars within us

Hornet Hive-dark  
Severed wings in vainless beating  
buzz out from an inferno of fangs  
to disarm the stars within us

We should have been  
so much more by now  
Too dead inside  
to even know the guilt

Waning Ring-deep  
a halo of thorns  
Sips now down in sheets of sharp silver  
to disarm the stars within us



## Jester Script Transfigured

Cre-age-aeon  
new beginnings held in infinite vacuum  
Biotronic test-worlds free of inscription  
devoid of the echoes of man  
noble cyborg savage

In cold ceremonial perfection  
more radiant than the sum of suns  
with each and every attribute  
of animal, machine and man

Dystopia Electro-Heart  
the grotesque and the linear  
took one final giant blow  
into the Ram of what is us

Installing awaiting the restoration of  
unsequenced chaos

We've only seen the outlines of the  
beginning  
and this core, the slowly moving raptor  
will make the very notion of Hell  
seem celestial in comparison

## Morphing Into Primal

Detonation  
fireworks and alchemy  
Genes spliced and triggered  
into the future  
and her organic save  
Seismorgasmic omnipotence  
scenes of magma in my eyes  
Eruption stones my system

I owe this to the animal inside  
and the stiffness that blocks out the  
daylight  
Morphing into primal

I'll cover every particle  
from there to Andromeda  
not forgetting a single location  
from the throat of the Jbis  
to the co-ordinates of Matterhorn

My shot is genesis and catharsis  
Penetratonaut in a cosmology of lusts

Suck this subterranean creature out  
and show it proudly to the house of heaven  
With one slight wave of my hand  
stars dissolve

Dissolve my brain  
Block my lungs  
I'll die from fever tomorrow  
when locked in such a perfected "now"

## Worlds Within The Margin

Raindrop hits the leaf, changing its position  
slightly on the street  
next to polls of monotonous water He  
walks, Slipping feet from steps at random  
He falls

In the space between his body  
and the ground  
comets cast of their names,  
stellar neurones misfire

Witnesses inhale the seed  
and spit out a million branches

Buds abloom in all directions  
from which events occur  
relations and virused meetings  
catch fire and explode  
In the margin of butterfly wings  
entire cycles of evolution  
outplayed and faded  
sparked and leaned back into  
vacuum-filled nirvana

Between the two of my eyes  
feverish fractals soar  
dance like were they on drugs  
peyote labyrinths re-mapped exits  
A hasty blink  
and a million life-to-comes  
will never be the same  
as they never were  
In the kinetic energy of a moving fist  
lies a birth-machine for a parallel universe  
With the first movement in the organic soap

came a bouquet of alternative answers  
all different multiplied and re-devised

Coded in the spinal cord of a trilobite  
written between the legs on the  
Meganeura  
suburban city maps and dormant dictator  
semen  
marked their way trough time

## Episode 666

Welcome here, the squirrel-wheel begins  
fasten the left hand belts  
Remember not to think too much  
and your trip will be numbingly pleasant

Non-caring is the easiest way  
but to secure a passage to the 2nd plane  
you have to complete level one  
Their dead-smile lips turn on their TV  
while urban gravestones scrape the skies  
Rising over marionette cities and  
marionette skies

This is episode 666  
destination chaos  
Each and all an actor blind

## Everything Counts

## Whoracle